Tape NO. 22

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NARRATOR Polly Fredricks

INTERVIEWER Phyllis Lotz

PLACE Central Ave. Buellton

DATE OCT. 23, 1980

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Interview with Polly Carraciburu Fredricks
Date of Interview: 23 October 1980, Central Ave., Buellton
Interviewer: Phyllis Lotz
Transcriber: Phyllis Lotz
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PL: Introduction

Tell me about your father and mother?

Mrs. F. My father and mother were both born in Udaipel, Spain and they came to the United States and to San Francisco around 1916. My father worked as a butler and mother as a personal maid for the Magnins and then the Folgers. My father moved to Santa Barbara and went to work for C.W. Dabney on Ontaire Road as horse man and butler. Mother followed down in 1917 to work as personal maid for Mrs. Dabney. In 1918 they came over San Marcos Pass to the Santa Ines Mission and were married by Father Alexander Buckler, his niece Mame Goulet, was Maid of Honor. My mother's name was Marie Egowa. My parents continued to work for the Dabneys and then my father also worked at Zaca Lake. The Dabneys purchased property in the Manzana and my father built the original log cabin there for them.

PL: Can you tell me about the Dabneys?

Mrs. F. The Dabneys were from Cincinnati, Ohio, but why they came to Santa Barbara, I don't know. They were very close friends of our family and treated us as family. I spent all my younger years at Zaca Lake and on the Manzana until I was 10 years old. I went to school at the Manzana School and at Sisquoc, in 1942. There were

four children in our family: I am the oldest, Marie Pascarine, the John, Jr., then Prosper, and Raymond, the two youngest are deceased. We are the only decendants of our parents in this country, there are 14 only in the United States. All the rest are in the old country. My brother John, who is a veterinarian, will be meeting his daughter and they plan to tour the Basque Country this May.

I knew Kathrine Libeu, wife of John Libeu of Zaca Lake, and was a close friend of Laurence Libeu and his first wife, Mary, and then his second wife, Katie. Katie delivered my daughter Cissy Rogers. Katie was a nurse. Cissy lives in the home place now in Los Olivos. We came with our father to Los Olivos when he purchased property on the corner of San Marcos Pass Road and Figueroa Road. He built the house. Besides raising we four children, my parents also raised county ward children.

PL: Did you attend Los Olivos School?

Mrs. F. Yes, I could not speak English so I lived with the Davis Family until I learned English. Both my parents spoke the Basque language and when I would answer the teacher I would speak in Basque.

PL: What is the difference between Basque and French or Italian?

Mrs. F. There is no connection. The Basque language is closest to the Aztecs of South America. The original sheep

herders in the Bible were Basque people.

I stayed with the Davis's during the day to learn the language, I had to answer in English. Meridith Davis Wolford who lives in Solvang, and I are very close.

I speak the Basque language and can read it. The Basques are the only true sheep herders in the world. I go to all the Basque Festivals, in Elko, Nevada, Los Banos, and Bakersfield. The National Festival in Elko is held every three years. John can not speak it but he understands it. He is two years younger than I, I was born in 1919, John in 1921.

PL: Will you tell me about Zaca Lake?

Mrs. F. Some of the memories I have are of riding in a boat on the lake with my father, I was 4 or 5. I remember Kathrine Libeu, she was a marvelous cook, a fantastic cook. My mother got many pointers from her. I am in the cathering business now because of that.

PL: Where did your family live at the lake?

Mrs. F. Where the olive trees were. There was a cabin there, it has been enlarged and I havn't been back in many years. I don't like to go there as they have changed it and it is so different, I get distrought over it. I remember the happy years of my life there and it is so different now. Of course you have to go along with the trend of the times, but it disturbes me.

PL: Who owned the lake at that time?

Mrs. F. John and Joseph Libeu and a Pierre Tort worked there

too. Father worked as a forest ranger out of Zaca Lake and we spent our summers there and moved back to Los Olivos in winter. Father and Dallas Davis went into the cattle business together in 1917, but during a drought they lost all their cattle and went broke. Dallas was in the merchantizing business and ran the store, while Father took care of the cattle running them in the back country. My memories of Zaca Lake are so vivid, boating, the cabin near the olive trees and the main house. The Libeu's lived in the main house, they had five daughters. Leon and Laurence Libeu were sons of Joseph Libeu.

PL: Where were you born?

Mrs. F. I was born in Santa Maria at the Grigsby Nursing home. Mother came out to be at the home. Father had built the house in Los Olivos in 1917 across from Mattei's Tavern and this was long before building the San Marcos Pass Road. We knew the Matteis well. My father taught me to ride horse back and we would take pack trains, people camping in the summer time. Mother was the cook.

PL: Would people write ahead to arrange this outings?

Mrs. F. Yes, they came in by wagon from the old Ezra Fields ranch. They could come that far in an auto. Father would bring them into the Manzana where Mother would cook for them. This was just in the summer time, and we children would go along. The people had tents but we stayed at the cabin, the Dabney cabin. I have pictures

of the area. They would come for two weeks at a time. Then they might go to Matteis and stay there awhile. Wealthy people from Santa Barbara and Montecito, they came to fish and hunt. And the old wood stove my mother cooked on is still there. Midland School was taking care of it and it is a Historica Monument and cared for by the Forest Service.

You may find this interesting: My father was at the top of Zaca Peak above Zaca Lake and was breaking a colt, as the story was told to me. He had half of his boot in the stirrup when the colt bucked him off. The sole of his boot caught in the stirrup and the horse dragged him all the way to the lake. The horse must have kicked him because the rest of his life he carried a perfect horse-shoe scar on his face. This was before he was married. He went to San Francisco, this was in 1917, and the Dabneys paid his way on the train. He had to appear before the draft board in San Francisco and because of this injury he was deferred. They took all the cheek bone off his face, and forever after my father had to lance that place to keep the swelling down. He never had plastic surgery as you would today. Dallas Davis told me about the accident, Father was in the hospital for months. 1

My father would never teach a person to ride a horse with a saddle on, or even a blanket. You would never get hurt that way, you could roll off the horse and

nothing to stop you, like a saddle or blanket. John and I were good riders and I loved it.

I remember about dreaming of the stormes at Zaca Lake, they could be terrific, lightening and thunder. If I could I would buy that property now and go there to live.

My Uncle Emilio went off to war (W.W.I) with Jack Ross, Monrow Ruthaford and a lot of local boys, but we never heard from this uncle again. He was sent to France and was in his twenties. Then in 1963 my son went to Europe and before he went he told me that he was going to try to find Uncle Emilio. He went to one Catholic Church after another and the fifth church he came to he asked about a parishener named Emilio Carricaburu, and the priest said, yes. This was in Paris. The priest took my son to see this man. And it was Emilio and he was so pleased to see my son after all these years, they spent two weeks together visiting and sightseeing. Emilio said he just dropped out of sight, worked for the American Council over there as he didn't want to came home. He died two years ago. Emilio and John, my father had come to America together but had split up after arriving, but they ended up together at Zaca Lake.

PL: Do you remember anything about the school at Manzana?

Mrs. F. Yes I remember the school house. We had the basic 3 R's there. I remember the colony there on the Sisquoc. A Forest Service man told me that he saw a helicopter come

down and take everyting out of the school house, desks, stove, etc. We may have had 12 to 14 students there when I was going to that school.

PL: Why did athe family come to live in Los Olivos?

Mrs. F. As the family grew, Father wanted a place for us to stay. We would to up to Ezra Fields or Libeus most every Sunday. I remember storing fried chicken for winter. You cooked the chickens in a crock, pour hot fat over the meat and they were good all winter. The crock was stored in the basement.

I conpleted school at Los Olivos, and went to high school in Santa Ynez. Then one year to Santa Barbara State, which is now City College, and took Domestic Science. But I felt that I could learn more about cooking by doing.

I have raised four children by myself, as I am a widow. Father worked at Camp Cook, and he had worked for the County Roads for a long time before. When Camp Cook opened he went there to work. He had a heart attack at work but got home and died there, on January 29, 1943. Dad was 50 years old. Two brothers of mine have also died young. Mother lived in Los Olivos and still raised county orphan children for years. She had come to America when she was 12 with other girls.

I took her to the hospital for a physical and while there she had a stroke and was in the hospital for 14 months and was 72 when she died. Seven of my family are

at Oak Hill Cemetery.

PL: How did you meet your husband?

Mrs. F. I met him while working at a restaurant. He was working for Shell Oil Co. He was from the Mid West. He worked in the oil fields. We were married in 1938 and I have 4 children, 2 boys, and 2 girls. Dr. John married Leslie and were married 38 years, he has 7 children.

PL: Are all the children interested in family history?

Mrs. F. Oh yes, they like the out of doors as my father did. Father could not live in town, he would go off to Zaca Lake. My 2 boys are so like him, and my younger brothers were like their father too.

PL: Did you father ever speak of his parents?

Mrs. F. Yes. They came here to this country in 1923. My grand father came in 1923 and grand mother in 1924 to Los Olivos and they lived with us. Grand mother died a year after she arrived and Grand father died in 1927. They just wanted to see American and the New World. Mother came at an early age and the way they did it was to come with a group of other girls. They were looking for domestic work. My mother would tell the story of when they got to New York, they got on the train and none of them could speak English, so they kept pointing towards their mouths and the porter kept bringing them prunes. They lived on prunes all the way across the United States. They went to work for different people, the Folgers for awhile and the Magnins. The girls were

terrified to go out alone in San Francisco because of the white slavery.

PL: You told me that your parents came from the same town in Spain, but did they know each other there?

Mrs. F. No, they did not meet there but got aquainted in San Francisco when my father came there from Santa Barbara.

PL: I know you are very busy so I have just one more question about Zaca Lake, tell me a few more memorial things about the lake?

Mrs. F. It was the most beautiful place I have known. It was so peacefull there. On Saturday nights we would square dance, every one pitched in to help and we had good times. I remember Mrs. Libeu in that kitchen. I remember John Libeu with his long moustache. He told such stories but I was not interested then. He always had a bottle of wine at the dinner table. One glass of wine would last him an hour, he would just sip. I remember Joe Libeu and his wife Bertha and their two boys much better because they lived near us in Los Olivos.

PL: Did you ride the little train, the narrow gauge?

Mrs. F. Yes, many times to Santa Maria. Over on Saturday and back on Sunday. My mother went to Santa Maria when she was pregnant to see the doctor. Dr. Jack Colbance was the doctor, Dr. Luton delivered me. Dr. Hanze delivered Raymond.

PL: Thank you for this interview today and I am sorry you can